

# Are Ghosts Real Stuff?

AFTER all, it seems that there really are such things as ghosts. Science at last accords them a somewhat belated recognition—though, of course, refusing to acknowledge that they are supernatural. On the contrary (according to the newly accepted theory), they are to be classed as natural phenomena, chemical in character.

Why is it that ghosts, since time immemorial, have been so intimately associated with graveyards? Why is it that the dead in cemeteries are so universally believed to "walk" at night? Why, when specters walk, are they so generally accoutred in popular belief to be sheeted—that is to say, clad in winding sheets—though nowadays people are nearly always buried in ordinary clothing?

These questions, and others equally interesting, in regard to phantoms, science is now for the first time prepared to answer. As to the first point, the reputation graveyards have for being haunted is attributable to the fact that ghosts, of the kind now recognized as real, do actually and not infrequently walk about in such places. They are seen at night (rather than in the daytime) because their chemical constitution is such that they can not be visible except in darkness. Finally, they are (or rather, appear to be) "sheeted" for the reason that the gases of which they are composed—here we begin to come to the explanation—flicker and waver in a fashion suggestive of garments.

For some reason not easy to explain, the dead are supposed to be hostile to the living. Few people there be who would not run, terror-stricken, from a ghost. If they thought they saw one. But, making all allowance for this fact, and for the influence of imagination, it still seems strange that the conviction that a graveyard is a dangerous and dreadful place to venture into at night should be so widespread even among educated persons. Nobody objects to entering, or wandering through, a burying ground in the daytime—rather the contrary, indeed, most cemeteries being attractive spots. But at night it is different.

The real cause of this fear lies in the circumstance that phantoms, for reasons presently to be made clear, are, and always have been, haunters of graveyards. People have been frightened by them time and time again, in such places. Other persons, who have not seen them, and who have professed disbelief, have nevertheless been influenced by testimony of the sort. Not often has anybody, witnessing a phenomenon of this kind, attempted to investigate it. Much safer does it seem under such circumstances to take to one's heels.

Nothing but the skepticism of science can fortify a man against the terror of such an experience. But, as it chanced, some years ago, a government anthropologist, of high reputation (now connected with the department of agriculture), Prof. W. J. McGee, had an opportunity to study this matter at first hand. He was living at the time in a small town, in the middle west, where, only a few weeks earlier, a burglar, engaged in the exercise of his hazardous profession, had been shot to death. Hastily buried, he might have been expected to refrain from disturbing the community further—instead of which, he proceeded to "walk," his ghost being repeatedly seen by a number of reliable witnesses, stalking about the potter's field where his grave was located.

Professor McGee, being appealed to on the subject, in his capacity of scientific investigator, finally consented to look into it. He went to the potter's field on a moonless night, sat down a short distance from the grave (carelessly left only half filled up) which had been pointed out to him as that of the late burglar, and proceeded to wait for something to happen. Nothing did happen for quite a while, and he was just making up his mind that he had come on a fool's errand when he descried a dim light imme-



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When he attempted to approach the strange object it disappeared. He went back to the place where he had been seated, and it became visible again. Very now and then a gust of wind would seem to "blow it out," and it would vanish for the moment, presently reappearing. Apparently its movements were caused by the breeze, its wavering suggesting drapery. But presently the professor saw another ghost, of similar aspect, not far away, and then another and another, until there were at least half a dozen. It was not surprising that the townspeople (crediting a report to the effect that the burglar's wife and children, deprived of the family breadwinner, had died of starvation) should declare that these unfortunates came at night to dance over the graves.

Professor McGee found it impossible to get within a dozen feet of the phantoms, which would always vanish on his near approach. He is unable to explain this circumstance; but he became convinced through careful study of the apparitions that they were nothing more nor less than gaseous emanations of a self-luminous character. In all probability they were largely composed of phosphorus, derived from the dead bodies of people buried in the potter's field.

Here, then, is an explanation of the reason why ghosts haunt burying grounds. They are in fact a natural (not supernatural) product of graveyards, as one might say. In the body of an adult human being there are 55 ounces of phosphorus, seven-eighths of this quantity being contained in the bones (where it goes to make phosphate of lime), while there are 4 1/2 ounces in the red corpuscles of the blood, and nearly half an ounce in the brain.

The processes of decay set this phosphorus free in the gaseous state—under which circumstances, atmospheric conditions being favorable, it is liable to produce, in the night time, effects such as those above described. As is well known, decomposing vegetable matter in swampy places yields the bell. When finally she "got her party" the strain in her high-pitched voice made it impossible for her to be clearly understood. Then she got angry again because "central" had not "given her a better connection," and finally came away from the telephone nearly in a state of nervous collapse, and insisted that the telephone would finally end her life. I do not think that she once suspected that the whole state of fatigue which had almost brought an illness upon her was absolutely and entirely her own fault—Annie Payson Call, in *Nerves and Common Sense*.

**New Phase of the Moon.**  
"See, papa—see!" exclaimed a little prattler, pointing toward the moon which, for some moments, had been hidden by a cloud; "the moon is open again."

**Enjoyed It.**  
"Did you enjoy your vacation?"  
"Best in the world."  
"Where'd you go?"  
"My wife spent a month with her folks."

## American Nuts in Demand

In earlier days wherever nuts were found growing in the United States they were to be had for the gathering, and were of no commercial importance. Foreign grown nuts were expensive luxuries. Now our principal nuts are staple market commodities and bring good prices. Foreign nuts are being grown in quantities here, reducing the price of imported nuts. There is a constantly increasing

supply, says the Spokane Spokesman Review. With nuts, as with other crops, it has been found that by selection and breeding, improved varieties are obtainable, of large size, better flavor, thinner shells and other desirable characteristics. The increasing demand for nuts is due in the main to two causes, says Prof. M. E. Jaffe of the California agricultural experiment station, in a bulletin of the Depart-

ment of Agriculture. One is the better appreciation of the food value of nuts for the average family, and secondly their use by the vegetarians as a substitute for meat and other fatty foods. Nuts, as a rule, contain little water, much fat, are rich in protein, and have been regarded as more or less indigestible. The indigestibility in nuts is said to be largely due to insufficient mastication, and to the fact that they are often eaten when not needed, as after a hearty meal or late at night.

Three other self-ignitable substances, all of them metals, are contained in the human body. One of these (about two ounces in quantity) is the silvery-white magnesium—of familiar use for flashlight purposes by photographers. The other two are sodium and potassium—rather more than five ounces of each. A piece of the former, if thrown into water, bursts into a rosy flame, and swims about violently on the surface until burned out. The latter is likewise set afire by contact with water, on touching which it explodes like fireworks, throwing a shower of sparks into the air. As for magnesium, it is so fiercely combustible that it has to be kept tightly corked in glass bottles, to prevent it from igniting.

Thus it appears that the human body contains, in considerable quantities, quite a number of substances which are self-ignitable, and fiercely so, on coming into contact with water. The marvel is that we refrain from going off by spontaneous combustion, so to speak, while we are alive. When burned, these substances, of course, convert themselves into gases, which are luminous. Under favorable conditions (the processes of decay going on very gradually), they pass off slowly, by evaporation, and not in any such way as that above described. They present themselves to the view, in darkness, as mere chemical emanations—luminous, blown about by light airs, or dissipated entirely for the moment by a passing gust of wind. In all probability they consist mainly of phosphorus.

One cannot capture a ghost of this kind. It cannot be trapped in a box or a bottle and conveyed to a scientific laboratory for examination or analysis. Hence it is likely that the true composition of phantoms will forever remain as much a mystery as it is today. But (supposing the theory here set forth to be correct) it is a comfort to know, in a general way, what graveyard spectres are made of.

When people are murdered, and their bodies (as often happens) are buried in cellars or other damp places, their ghosts, for the chemical reasons already given, are particularly likely to walk. So says Prof. Charles E. Munroe, a famous chemist, and dean of the George Washington university, who even goes so far as to declare that he could at a pinch produce in his laboratory phantoms in all important respects corresponding to those which graveyards are popularly supposed to manufacture.

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# The American Home

WILLIAM A. RADFORD  
Editor

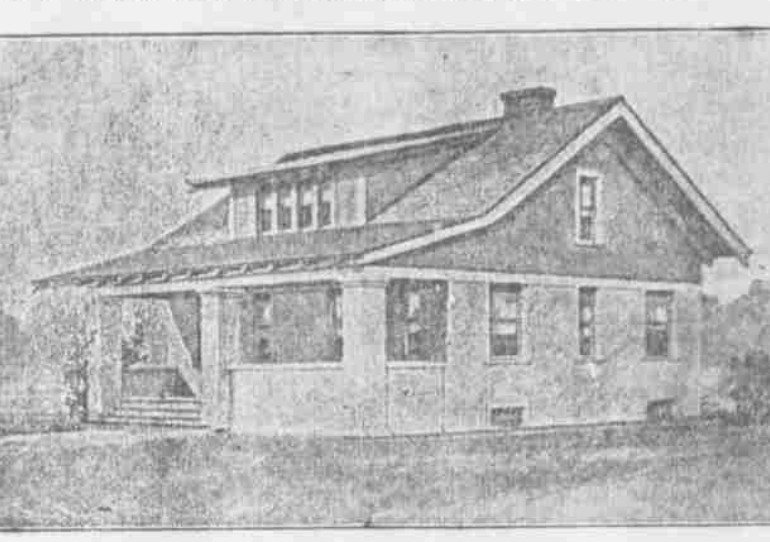
Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building for the readers of his paper. On account of his wide experience as Editor, Author and Manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 14 Fifth Ave., Chicago, Ill., and only enclose two-cent stamp for reply.

It is true that many thousands of city dwellers are compelled for the most part to live in flats or apartments with never a look at trees or grass. Privacy, so much to be desired, is shut off by a common hallway, and the tramping of feet overhead is a constant reminder that the place is not a home but merely a place to stay.

The whole idea of the builders of city "homes" is to economize space and get all the rooms possible on a given piece of ground in order to gain revenue. All sight is lost of the artistic, and everything must bend to the one purpose of income. The occupants live along and constantly dream of a little cottage with a few vines and a garden place in the back yard, and a place for the children to play where they will not be under the constant espionage of a janitor with a grouch.

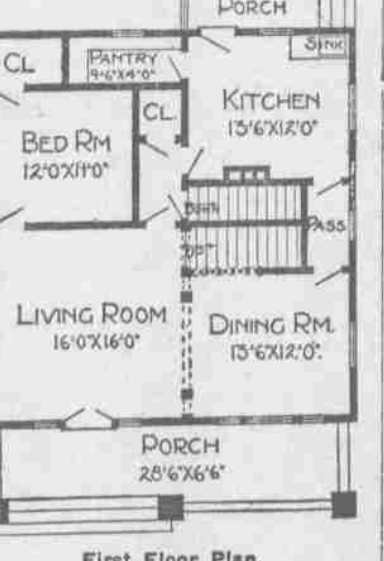
This is all wrong and it is unnecessary. You may be a salaried man. You may think you cannot do any different. You have not the money to buy the ground it is true and authorize a builder to put up a house such as you want. You have always thought that even if you bought a house you must take one already made by some real estate firm and pay their high price.

Now, listen. The real estate man has selling expense. He has advertising bills, office rent, clerk hire, maintenance of offices, and many other expenses in addition to his profit that figure in the price of any given house.



It is safe to say that this real estate man would be glad to eliminate this expense if he could make a deal that did not involve all these factors. He builds to sell. Suppose you were to take to him the plan of the house shown here and say, "Now, you are in the business of building and selling houses on small payments. You want your customers satisfied. Probably you are going to build a number of houses in the next few months. Now, here is a house that just suits me. If you will build it I will take it on the same terms you would ask for one that you might build from some other plan. I will sign the contract now."

There is no probability that the ordinary real estate man would refuse



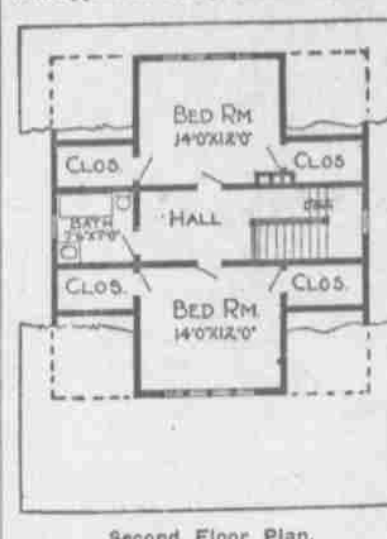
First Floor Plan.

your terms. And what would you have? You would have the same house you would get if you owned a lot and built on it. Now, the house shown here is one of the popular bungalow type of houses and is especially attractive on account of the fact that the porch is included under the roof of the house. Nor is it expensive.

This house is thirty-one feet six inches wide and thirty-three feet long. It has an attractive porch with strong lines. The design is one that will make every person look at the house as he passes by and it is one that will always sell if at any future time conditions should arise that would cause you to want to dispose of it. That you cannot do with a house that has no individuality like this one. There is a large living room sixteen feet square and at the right of this is the dining room thirteen feet six inches by twelve feet in dimensions. The kitchen is reached from the dining room through a passageway. This is a good arrangement, for the reason that all smoke and steam from the kitchen will be kept out of the dining room. One of the good features about

this house is the fact that it is well lighted and every room will be bright and cheery.

The second floor is reached by a stairway leading from the living room. On this floor are two bedrooms, which, with the one on the first floor provides three in all. The bathroom is located at the end of a hall that extends through the house, thus assuring plenty of air on summer nights through the windows at each end. An unusual arrangement, and one that will appeal to every housewife, is the



Second Floor Plan.

fact that there are six closets in this house, providing plenty of storage places.

## DENTISTS FOR THE HORSE

They Have Special Instruments for Extracting and Filling the Teeth of Equine Patients.

In every large city there are now dentists who devote their entire attention to horses. They are of course provided with special instruments for the extracting and filling of the teeth of animals needing attention.

One of the instruments, called a



speculum, presents the appearance of an ivory handle and four small bars of nickel, working on a ratchet and crossing one another in such a manner as to form a hollow square that can be made large or small by the turning of a screw.

Setting this device to the proper size, the horse dentist will slip it gently into the suffering animal's mouth, which during the operation is kept partly open by a groom. When the instrument is fitted upon, say, one of the back teeth, the beast's mouth is kept open as wide as possible.

The groom now takes hold of the handle of the speculum with one hand and of the horse's tongue with the other, says Harper's Weekly, enabling the dentist to obtain a good view of the damaged molar. It may be that after careful examination the dentist decides that a splinter should come off. Taking up a cutter, a scissors shaped instrument two feet long and with sawlike edges, he applies it to the tooth and with a quick movement snaps off the offending corner.

Just as careful attention is given the process of filling a decayed tooth of a horse as is accorded any human being, and the operation is pretty much the same in both cases. Electric drills, together with the most approved instruments, are employed and antiseptics are as generously used in the one instance as in the other.

Gold, as well as aluminum and amalgam, are the materials used in the filling and crowning of horses' teeth. The fee charged varies greatly, ranging anywhere from \$5 to \$125. Where gold is employed it is of course the most expensive item in the operation, for the back tooth of a horse measures an inch in breadth and three inches long, and it requires therefore a larger quantity of the valuable metal to fill up these molars.

## Consort for Kaiser's Daughter.

Princess Victoria Luise, the only daughter of the Kaiser, recently attained her majority. She is 18 years old. Germans think that they have not long to wait before hearing what prince has won the heart and hand of the Kaiser's daughter. Her name has been frequently connected with those of the ex-King of Portugal and an Austrian archduke, but the Kaiser's intense Lutheranism is considered a bar to the Princess's union with any non-Protestant prince.

## A Different Task.

"Plunkie" is talking in a lofty tone about the quality of its citizenship. "Quality, eh? The census figures evidently didn't come up to hopes."

## HIS LIVELIHOOD AT STAKE

Certainly Candidate for Governor Could Not Expect to Get That Vote.

An incident in which former Governor Odell of New York figured as the victim was told by Col. James Hamilton Lewis at a recent banquet. "When Governor Odell was last running for office," said Colonel Lewis, "there had been a great deal of talk about Niagara Falls and the electrical power that could be conferred on all parts of New York. One day an old negro halted Mr. Odell and said:

"Mr. Odell, is yo' runnin' for gov'ner, sah?"

"I am," answered the candidate.

"I guess yo' war my vote, den," said the colored man.

"Well, I would like to have your vote, Zeb. I have known you for so many years."

"Well, I jist want to ask you a question, Mr. Odell, befo' I give mah vote to you. Are yo' for electric lights in dis town?"

"Well, Zeb, I am for all modern improvements," said Odell, with a slight flourish.

"Well, sah, I can't vote for you," said Zeb with firmness. "Yo' done forget dat I is a lamp lighter."

## Procrastination.

"I heard a tale the other day of a postponing chap, who thought he'd buy a wheel so gay, but—'They will be cheaper, perhaps.' And so he dallied year by year, the cheapest wheel to buy; but long before the cheapest gear, that yep he had to die! And so, by putting off the day, we miss the wine of life; and some there are in just that way who thus will miss a wife! Get busy now, you timid wretch, procrastinate no more, for time is surely on the wane, and you a bachelor! Some wait too long to make a pick of husbands or of wife, and then some take a broken stick and make a mess of life."—H. B. Benedict, in Judge.

## Deserved the Shoes.

The weary wayfarer leaned over the fence and watched the housewife doing her chores.

"Ah, lady," he said, tipping his hat. "I used to be a professional humorist. If I tell you a funny story will you give me an old pair of shoes?"

"Well, that depends," responded the busy housewife; "you must remember that brevity is the soul of wit."

"Yes, mum, I remember that, and brevity is the sole on each of me shoes, mum."

## When He Hedged on Faith.

"Dar's nuttin' lak faith," said Brother Williams. "I once prayed a fat turkey off a high roost, but the sheriff took him 'um me ez I wuz gwine home ter cook him, an' I wuz took ter jail."

"Why didn't you pray your way out of jail?" someone asked.

"I would 'adome it," was the reply, "but I didn't want Providence ter know I was in no sich place."

## DR. MARTEL'S FEMALE PILLS.

Seventeen Years the Standard.

Prescribed and recommended for Women's Ailments. A scientifically prepared remedy of proven worth. The result from their use is quick and permanent. For sale at all Drug Stores.

## And Endless Job.

"I'll bet I could keep a fairy god-mother busy."

"As to how?"

"I'd have her look after my touring car."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets first put up 40 years ago. They regulate and invigorate the stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated tiny granules.

Preserving mediocrity is much more respectable, and unappealingly more useful than talented inconsistency.—Dr. Hamilton.

A good honest remedy for Rheumatism, Neuralgia and Sore Throat is Hamlin's Wizard Oil. Nothing will so quickly drive out all pain and inflammation.

When the pupil gets into poetic clouds it misses the man on the pavement.

Try Mrs. Austin Famous Pancake Flour, sure to please, all grocers.

## Not Easy.

Pat was a married man—a very much married man. He had married no fewer than four times, and all his wives were still in the fore. According to Pat's own account before the court where he was tried for bigamy and found guilty, his experiences were not altogether satisfactory. The judge, in passing sentence, expressed his wonder that the prisoner could be such a hardened villain as to delude so many women.

"Yer honor," said Pat, apologetically, "it was only tryin' to get a good one, an' it's not aisy!"—Lippincott's Magazine.

## His Luck.

"I know a man who is always up against it."

"Who is he?"

"The paper hanger when he has to fix a new wall."

An ingrowing conscience drives many a man into sin.



Getting a Reputation.

There is a desk in the senate particularly convenient as a place from which to make speeches. It is next to the aisle and almost in the center of the chamber, and affords an opportunity for the speaker to make every body hear.

At least a dozen senators, according to the Washington correspondent of the St. Louis Star, have borrowed this desk when they had special utterances to deliver to the senate. This led, not long ago, to a mild protest from its legitimate occupant.

"I am perfectly willing to give up my desk," said he, "but I am afraid people will think that the same man is talking all the time. I don't want to get the reputation of constantly filling the senate with words."—Youth's Companion.

## A Hot Time.

"That fellow cooked his reports."

"I suppose that is how he happened to get into a stew."

It's up to a man to choose between two evils when he is asked to beat the carpet or take care of the baby while his wife does it.

Try Mrs. Austin Famous Pancake Flour, sure to please, all grocers.

The more the tongue flows the less the head knows.

# AFTER SUFFERING ONE YEAR

Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Milwaukee, Wis.—"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has made me a well woman, and I would like to tell the whole world of it. I suffered from female trouble and fearful pains in my back. I had the best doctors and they all decided that I had a tumor in addition to my female trouble, and advised an operation. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound made me a well woman and I have no more backache. I hope I can help others by telling them what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me."—Mrs. Emma Lamer, 833 First St., Milwaukee, Wis.

The above is only one of the thousands of grateful letters which are constantly being received by the Pinkham Medicine Company of Lynn, Mass., which prove beyond a doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, actually does cure these obstinate diseases of women after all other means have failed, and that every such suffering woman owes it to herself to at least give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial before submitting to an operation, or giving up hope of recovery.

Mrs. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health and her advice is free.

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Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price. Genuine number Signature.

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